Charles de le Brute, hie Conſtable of *France*.
Iaques of *Chattillian*, Admirall of *France*.
The Maiſter of the crosbows, *Iohn* Duke *Alõſon*.
Lord *Ranbieres*, hie Maiſter of *France*.
The braue ſir *Gwigzard*, *Dolphin*, Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie*, and *Roſſe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*.
Gerard and *Verton*. *Vandemant* and *Leſtra*.
Here was a royall fellowſhip of death.
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?
Edward the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquier:
And of all other, but fiue and twentie.
O God thy arme was here,
And vnto thee alone, aſcribe we praiſe.
When without ſtrategem,
And in euen ſhock of battle, was euer heard
So great, and litle loſſe, on one part and an other.
Take it God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

King. Come let vs go on proceſſion through the camp:
Let it be death proclaimed to any man,
To boaſt hereof, or take the praiſe from God,
Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawful, and it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
To tell how many is kild?

King. Yes *Flewellen*, but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conſcience, he did vs great good.

King. Let there be ſung, Nououes and te Deum.
The dead with charitie enterred in clay:
Weele then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from *France*, arriude more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gower, and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day?

Saint

Saint *Danies* day is paſt?

Flew. There is occaſion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore,
The other day looke you, *Piſtolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and ſault, and bids me
Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where *I* could moue no diſcentions:
But if *I* can ſee him, *I* ſhall tell him,
A litle of my deſires.

Gow. Here a comes, ſwelling like a Turkecocke.

Enter Piſtoll.

Flew. Tis no matter for his ſwelling, and his turke
God pleſſe you Antient *Piſtoll*, you ſcall,
Beggerly, lowſie knaue, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha, art thou bedlem?
Doſt thou thurſt baſe Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, *I* am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.

Flew. Antient *Piſtoll.* I would deſire you becauſe
It doth not agree with your ſtomacke, and your appe
And your digeſtions, to eate this Leeke.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwalleder* and all his goates.

Flew. There is one goate for you Antient Piſtol.

He ſtrik

Piſt. Bace Troyan, thou ſhall dye.

Flew. I, I know I ſhall dye, meane time, I would
Deſire you to liue and eate this Leeke.

Gower. Inough Captaine, you haue aſtoniſht him.

Flew. Aſtoniſht him, by *Ieſu*, Ile beate his head
Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile
Make him eate ſome part of my Leeke.

Piſt. Well muſt I byte?